THE INCONSTANT;

OR,

The Way to Win Him.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora———— OVID MET.

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M DCC LXXVII.

PROLOGUE.

LIKE *hungry gueſts, a ſitting audience looks:*
Plays are like ſuppers; Poets are the cooks.
The ſeaſons you; the table is this place:
The carvers we; the prologue is the grace.
Each act a courſe; each ſcene a different diſh:
Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're ſtill for fleſh.
Satire's the ſauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp and rough;
Kind maſks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit is the wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly ſcenes, where rant and bloodſhed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a ſirloin:
Your ſcenes of love, ſo flowing, ſoft and chaſte,
Are water-gruel, without ſalt or taſte.
Bawdy's fat veniſon, which tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your rakes love haut-gouts, like your damn'd French cheeſe.
Your rarity for the fair gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice ſqueaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garniſh'd round,
And dreſs'd with ſauce of ſome—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an olio, nicks the age;
Farce is the haſty-pudding of the ſtage;
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can diſpenſe with ſlender ſtage-coach fare.
A paſtoral's whipt cream; ſtage-whims, mere traſh;
And tragi-comedy, half fiſh and fleſh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer!
This night we hope you'll an Inconſtant bear:
Wild fowl is lik'd in play-houſe all the year.

Yet ſince each mind betrays a diff'rent taſte,
And every diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry gueſt,
If aught you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This favour crav'd, up let the muſic ſtrike:
You're welcome all—Now fall to, where you like.

EPILOGUE.

FROM *Fletcher's* great original to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play;
Our author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free gallant:
With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe, and will to rove,
With language, and with ſofineſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wiſe,
There's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurpriſe;
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down,
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before the town.
For her own ſake, let no forſaken maid,
Our wanderer, for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a ſecret, none ſhou'd e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy pow'r to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turn'd him off a week;
As princes, when they reſty ſtateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn 'em out.
Whate'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
And much e'en for inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good man, for marriage-rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over every page of womankind;
Mark every ſenſe, and how the readings vary,
And, when he knows the worſt on't—let him marry.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Old Mirabel, an aged Gentleman of an odd Compound, between the Peeviſhneſs incident to his Years, and his fatherly Fondneſs towards his Son.

Young Mirabel, his Son.

Captain Duretete, an honeſt good-natur'd Fellow, that thinks himſelf a greater Fool than he is.

Dugard, Brother to Oriana.

Petit, Servant to Dugard, afterwards to his Siſter.

W O M E N.

Oriana, a Lady contracted to Mirabel, who would bring him to Reaſon.

Bisarre, a whimſical Lady, Friend to Oriana, admired by Duretete.

Lamorce, a Woman of Contrivance.

Four Bravoes, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE INCONSTANT; OR, The Way to Win Him.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Dugard, *and his Man* Petit, *in Riding Habits.*

Dug. SIRRAH, what's a clock?

Pet. Turn'd of eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a ſwingeing pace from Nemours, ſince two this morning! Petit, run to Rouſſeau's, and beſpeak a dinner at a lewis-d'or a head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me ſee---Mirabel, one; Duretete, two; myſelf three———

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, Sir! at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had ſome freedom for want of better company; but among my friends at Paris, pray remember your diſtance. Be gone, Sir.——[*Exit* Petit.] This fellow's wit was neceſſary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domeſtic. I muſt diſpoſe of him ſome way elſe.——Who's here? Old Mirabel, and my ſiſter!-----My deareſt ſiſter!

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Oriana.

Ori. My brother, welcome!

Dug. Monſieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to ſee you.

Old Mir. Honeſt Mr. Dugard, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your moſt humble ſervant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've caſt your ſkin, ſure!

you're briſk and gay; luſty health about you; no ſign of age, but your ſilver hairs.

Old Mir. Silver hairs! Then they are quick-ſilver hairs, Sir. Whilſt I have golden pockets, let my hairs be ſilver an they will. Adſbud, Sir, I can dance, and ſing, and drink, and---no, I can't wench. But, Mr. Dugard, no news of my ſon Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your ſon's come home, Sir.

Old Mir. Come home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr. Dugard, what ſay ye?

Ori. Mr. Mirabel return'd, Sir.

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may ſee him within this hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr. Dugard, preſently ſwear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Bagnieurs, being a little diſorder'd after riding, and I ſhall ſee him again preſently.

Old Mir. What! and he was aſham'd to aſk a bleſſing with his boots on. A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own meſſenger.

Old Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me ſtill?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you as moſt modern ſons are to their fathers.

Old Mir. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your eſtate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Ori. And pray, brother, what's become of his honeſt companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the captain? The very ſame he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew that could not change. Your ſon, Mr. Mirabel, is more obliged to nature for that fellow's compoſition, than for his own: for he's more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In ſhort, they are as inſeparable as finger and thumb; but the firſt inſtance in the world, I believe, of oppoſition in friendſhip.

Old Mir. Very well; will he be home to dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to beſpeak a dinner for us at Rouſſeau's, at a lewis-d'or a head.

Old Mir. A lewis-d'or a head! Well ſaid, Bob; by the blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improv'd.

But, Mr. Dugard, was it ſo civil of Bob to viſit Monſieur Rouſſeau before his own natural father? Eh, hark'e, Oriana, what think you, now, of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole lewis-d'or at a ſitting? He muſt be as ſtrong as Hercules; life and ſpirit in abundance. Before gad I don't wonder at theſe men of quality, that their own wives can't ſerve 'em. A lewis-d'or a head! 'tis enough to ſtock the whole nation with baſtards, 'tis faith. Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your ſiſter. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, ſiſter, I need not aſk you how you do, your looks reſolve me; fair, tall, well-ſhap'd; you're almoſt grown out of my remembrance.

Ori. Why, truly brother, I look pretty well, thank nature and my toilet; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and ſleep ſoundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, ſiſter, you remember that upon my going abroad, you would chuſe this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family than Preſter John, and I have no reaſon to think you miſtruſted my management of your fortune: therefore pray be ſo kind as to tell me, without reſervation, the true cauſe of making ſuch a choice.

Ori. Look'e, brother, you were going rambling, and 'twas proper, leſt I ſhould go a rambling too, that ſomebody ſhould take care of me. Old Monſieur Mirabel is an honeſt gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his houſe, whoſe company I like, and who has choſen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiſelle Bifarre?

Ori. The ſame. We live merrily together, without ſcandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us: we eat what we like, go to bed when we pleaſe, and riſe when we will.-----Now, brother, beſides theſe motives for chuſing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had ſome private reaſons.

Dug. Not ſo private as you imagine, ſiſter; your love to young Mirabel's no ſecret, I can aſſure you, but ſo public that all your friends are aſham'd on't.

Ori. O' my word, then, my friends are very baſhful; though I'm afraid, Sir, that thoſe people are not aſham'd enough at their own crimes, who have ſo many bluſhes to ſpare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but, ſiſter, the people ſay———

Ori. Pſhaw! hang the people, they'll talk treaſon, and profane their Maker; muſt we therefore infer, that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Look'e, brother, their court of enquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret: they think as they drink, and ſwallow reputations like leaches; a lady's health goes briſkly round with the glaſs, but her honour is loſt in the toaſt.

Dug. Ay, but, ſiſter, there is ſtill ſomething---

Ori. If there be ſomething, brother, 'tis none of the people's ſomething; marriage is my thing, and I'll ſtick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young Mirabel marry! He'll build churches ſooner. Take heed, ſiſter, though your honour ſtood proof to his home-bred aſſaults; you muſt keep a ſtricter guard for the future: he has now got the foreign air, and the Italian ſoftneſs; his wit's improved by converſe, his behaviour finiſhed by obſervation, and his aſſurances confirmed by ſucceſs. Siſter, I can aſſure you, he has made his conqueſts; and 'tis a plague upon your ſex, to be the ſooneſt deceiv'd by thoſe very men that you know have been falſe to others. But then, ſiſter, he's as fickle———

Ori. For heav'n's ſake, brother, tell me no more of his faults; for if you do, I ſhall run mad for him: ſay no more, Sir; let me but get him into the bands of matrimony, I'll ſpoil his wand'ring, I warrant him; I'll do his buſineſs that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, ſiſter, I won't pretend to underſtand the engagements between you and your lover; I expect when you have need of my counſel or aſſiſtance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and intereſt can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your happineſs: in the mean time, ſiſter, I have a great mind to make you a preſent of another humble ſervant; a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has ſerv'd me honeſtly ever ſince.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd ſo infufferably on my good humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the fellow's cunning, and may be ſerviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at Rouſſeau's?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who ſhould I find there but Mr. Mirabel and the captain, hatching as warmly

over a tub of ice, as two hen pheaſants over a brood———They would not let me beſpeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you ſhall ſerve my ſiſter. I ſhall ſtill continue kind to you; and if your lady recommends your diligence, upon trial, I'll uſe my intereſt to advance you; you have ſenſe enough to expect preferment———Here, ſirrah, here's ten guineas for thee; get thyſelf a drugget ſuit and a puff-wig, and ſo---I dub thee gentleman-uſher.---Siſter, I muſt put myſelf in repair; you may expect me in the evening———Wait on your lady home, Petit. [*Exit* Dug.

Pet. A chair, a chair, a chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home; 'tis but next door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Tavern, diſcovering young* Mirabel *and* Duretete *riſing from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, my dear captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I like every thing but our women; they look'd ſo lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a ſure ſign the army is not paid.———Give me the plump Venetian, briſk and ſanguine, that meets my lips like ſparkling wine, her perſon ſhining as the glaſs, and ſpirit like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel, Italy I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are ſuch thin brawn-fall'n jades, a man may as well make a bed-fellow of a cane chair.

Mir. France! a light unſeaſon'd country, nothing but feathers, foppery, and faſhions---Ha *Roma la Santa!* Italy for my money; their cuſtoms, gardens, buildings, paintings, muſic, policies, wine, and women! the paradiſe of the world:---not peſter'd with a parcel of preciſe, old gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleaſure that they themſelves are paſt the ſenſe of: commend me to the Italian familiarity—Here, ſon, there's fifty crowns; go pay your whore her week's allowance.

Dur. Ay, theſe are your fathers for you, that underſtand the neceſſities of young men; not like our muſty dads, who becauſe they cannot fiſh themſelves, would muddy the water, and ſpoil the ſport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact; nay every thing among 'em is ſo: a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is ſquab, a Dutch horſe is round, a

Dutch dog is ſhort, a Dutch ſhip is broad-bottom'd; and, in ſhort, one wou'd ſwear the whole product of the country were caſt in the ſame mould with their cheeſes.

Dur. Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the Engliſh ladies.

Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take ſuch unſufferable pains to ruin what nature has made ſo incomparably well; they would be delicate creatures indeed, cou'd they but thoroughly arrive at the French mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only ſpoil a very good air of their own, by an aukward imitation of ours; their parliaments, and our taylors, give laws to their three kingdoms. But come, Duretete, let us mind the buſineſs in hand; miſtreſſes we muſt have, and muſt take up with the manufacture of the place; and upon a competent diligence we ſhall find thoſe in Paris ſhall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough; but what will become of your friend? You know I am ſo plaguy baſhful, ſo naturally an aſs upon theſe occaſions, that—

Mir. Pſhaw, you muſt be bolder, man: travel three years, and bring home ſuch a baby as baſhfulneſs! A great luſty fellow! and a ſoldier! Fye upon it!

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can viſit, and I can ogle a little—as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiſs abundantly, and make a ſhift to——but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, (as ſome women, you know, have a deviliſh caſt with their eyes;)—or if they cry, What d'ye mean? What d'ye take me for? Fye, Sir! remember who I am, Sir! A perſon of quality to be us'd at this rate!——I'gad I'm ſtruck as flat as a frying-pan.

Mir. Words o'courſe! never mind 'em: turn you about upon your heel with a jantée air; hum out the end of an old ſong; cut a croſs caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No, hang it, 'twill never do——Oons, what did my father mean by ſticking me up in an univerſity; or to think that I ſhou'd gain any thing by my head, in a nation whoſe genius lies all in their heels!——Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they ſhall have the education of the country; they ſhall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to ſing before they can ſpeak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childiſh hu-

mour, put on aſſurance---there's no avoiding it; ſtand all hazards; thou'rt a ſtout, luſty fellow; and haſt a good eſtate; look bluff, hector, you have a good ſide-box face, a pretty impudent face: ſo, that's pretty well.———This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is returned like an aſs. [*Aſide.*

Dur. Let me ſee now, how I look. [*Pulls out a pocket-glaſs, and looks on't.*] A ſide-box face, ſay you!-----'Egad I don't like it, Mirabel------Fye, Sir, don't abuſe your friends, I cou'd not wear ſuch a face for the beſt counteſs in Chriſtendom.

Mir. Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou haſt impudence to ſet a good face upon any thing; I wou'd change half my gold for half thy braſs, with all my heart. Who comes here? Odſo, Mirabel, your father!

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's Bob? dear Bob!

Mir. Your bleſſing, Sir.

Old Mir. My bleſſing! Damn ye, ye young rogue; why did not you come to ſee your father firſt, ſirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to ſee thee; my dear child, faith---Capt. Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your's. Well, my lads, ye look bravely faith---Bob, haſt got any money left?

Mir. Not a farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi' thee a ſouſe.

Mir. I did but jeſt, here's ten piſtoles.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's ten more; I love to be charitable to thoſe that don't want it-----Well, and how d'ye like Italy, my boys?

Mir O, the garden of the world, Sir! Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thouſand others---- all fine.

Old Mir. Ay, ſay you ſo! And they ſay, that Chiari is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very ſcurvy air; the moſt unwholeſome to a French conſtitution in the world.

Mir. Pſhaw, nothing on't; theſe raſcally Gazetteers have miſinform'd you.

Old Mir. Miſinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the French beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray, ſweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your ſon will tell you.

Mir. The captain was in the action, Sir.

Dur. Your ſon ſaw more than I, Sir, for he was a looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of cowards! here are no Germans to over-hear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you muſt know, that we march'd up a body of the fineſt, braveſt, well-dreſs'd fellows in the univerſe; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feather, like ſo many beaux at a ball---I don't believe there was a man of 'em but cou'd dance a charmer morbleau.

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very trenches, and there ſaw peeping over a parcel of ſcare-crow, olive-colour'd gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. I'gad, I ſhall never forget the looks of 'em, while I have breath to fetch.

Mir. They were ſo civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon; but for the reſt, we found 'em ſuch unmannerly, rude, unſociable dogs, that we grew tir'd of their company, and ſo we e'en danc'd back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thouſand of us ſtay'd behind.

Old Mir. Why, Bob, why?

Mir. Pſhaw----becauſe they cou'd not come that night----But come, Sir, we were talking of ſomething elſe; pray how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana?

Old Mir. Ripe, Sir, juſt ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the German's, let me tell you. And what wou'd you ſay, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray let your friend be my gueſt too; you ſhall command the houſe between ye, and I'll be as merry as the beſt of you.

Mir. Bravely ſaid, father. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Oriana *and* Biſarre.

Biſ. AND you love this young rake, d'ye?

Ori. Yes.

Biſ. In ſpight of all his ill uſage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Biſ. What's the matter wi'ye?

Ori. Pſhaw!

Biſ. Um!---before that any young, lying, ſwear-

ing, flattering, rake-helly fellow, ſhould play ſuch tricks with me, I wou'd wear my teeth to the ſtumps with lime and chalk.----O, the devil take all your Caſſandras and Cleopatras for me.---Pr'ythee mind your airs, modes, and faſhions; your ſtays, gowns, and furbelows. Hark'e, my dear, have you got home your furbelow'd ſmocks yet?

Ori. Pr'ythee be quiet, Biſarre; you know I can be as mad as you when this Mirabel is out of my head.

Biſ. Pſhaw! wou'd he were out, or in, or ſome way to make you eaſy.---I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and ſay you love him; eh!

Ori. Moſt certainly---I can't diſſemble, Biſarre: Beſides, 'tis paſt that; we're contracted.

Biſ. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor thing. What, you have chang'd rings, or broken an old broad-piece between you! Hark'e, child, han't you broke ſomething elſe between ye?

Ori. No, no, I can aſſure you.

Biſ. Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilſt I kept that in my power, I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I muſt confeſs, I do love a little coquetting with all my heart! My buſineſs ſhould be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promiſe the next: he ſhou'd find me one day with a prayer-book in my hand, and with a play-book another. He ſhould have my conſent to buy the wedding-ring, and the next moment wou'd I laugh in his face.

Ori. O, my dear, were there no greater tye upon my heart, than there is upon my conſcience, I wou'd ſoon throw the contract out o' doors. But here's the old gentleman.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's my wenches; where's my two little girls? Eh! have a care, look to yourſelves, faith, they're a coming; the travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Biſarre, Biſarre, what ſay you, mad-cap? Mirabel is a pure wild fellow.

Biſ. I like him the worſe.

Old Mir. You lye, huſſey, you like him the better, indeed you do: What ſay you, my t'other little filbert? eh!

Ori. I ſuppoſe the gentleman will chuſe for himſelf, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's diſcreetly ſaid; and ſo he ſhall.

Enter Mirabel *and* Duretete; *they ſalute the Ladies.*

Old Mir. Hark'e; you ſhall marry one of theſe girls, ſirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you pleaſe.

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] He'll find that one may ſerve his turn.

Old Mir. Both! Why, you young dog, d'ye banter me?—Come, Sir, take your choice.---Duretete, you ſhall have your choice too; but Robin ſhall chuſe firſt. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I an't the firſt ſon that has made his father's dwelling a bawdy-houſe---Let me ſee.

Old Mir. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither!-----Don't make me angry now, Bob; pray don't make me angry----Look'e, ſirrah, if I don't dance at your wedding to-morrow, I ſhall be very glad to cry at your grave.

Mir. That's a bull, father.

Old Mir. A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a man, that thou ſhouldſt make me a beaſt?

Mir. Your pardon, Sir. I only meant your expreſſion.

Old Mir. Hark'e, Bob, learn better manners to your father, before ſtrangers: I won't be angry this time----But oons, if ever you do't again, you raſcal! remember what I ſay. [*Exit.*

Mir. Pſhaw, what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green girls? Come, Duretete, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. Mirabel, you han't forgot---

Mir. No, no, Madam, I han't forgot, I have brought you a thouſand little Italian curioſities; I'll aſſure you, Madam, as far as a hundred piſtoles would reach; I han't forgot the leaſt circumſtance.

Ori. Sir, you miſunderſtand me.

Mir. Odſo, the relicks, Madam, from Rome. I do remember, now, you made a vow of chaſtity before my departure; a vow of chaſtity, or ſomething like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O, Sir, I'm anſwer'd at preſent. [*Exit.*

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract---Would I might diſpatch t'other.

Dur. Mirabel----that lady there, obſerve her; ſhe's wond'rous pretty, faith, and ſeems to have but

few words; I like her mainly: ſpeak to her, man, pr'ythee ſpeak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares---

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing---What the devil do you mean, man?

Mir. He ſays, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd lye, Madam; I ſay no ſuch thing: Are you mad, Mirabel? Why, I ſhall drop down with ſhame.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, not doubting but your ladyſhip may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[*Going*, Duretete *holds him.*

Dur. Hold, hold!---Why, Mirabel, friend, ſure you won't be ſo barbarous as to leave me alone, Pr'ythee ſpeak to her for yourſelf, as it were.----- Lord, lord, that a Frenchman ſhould want impudence!

Mir. You look mighty demure, Madam---She's deaf, captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The gravity of your air, Madam, promiſes ſome extraordinary fruits from your ſtudy, which moves us with curioſity to enquire the ſubject of your ladyſhip's contemplation. Not a word!

Dur. I hope, in the Lord, ſhe's ſpeechleſs; if ſhe be, ſhe's mine this moment----Mirabel, d'ye think a woman's ſilence can be natural?———

Biſ. But the forms that logicians introduce, and which proceed from ſimple enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance---

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a plague have we here? Plato in petticoats.

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, man; ſhe talks in my own mother tongue.

Biſ. 'Tis expoſed to invalidity from a contradictory inſtance, looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

Mir. Rare pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! axioms! ſelf-evident principles.

Biſ. Then the ideas wherewith the mind is preoccupate---O, gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my cogitation; I was involv'd in a profound point of philoſophy; but I ſhall diſcuſs it ſomewhere elſe, being ſatisfy'd that the ſubject is not agreeable to your ſparks that profeſs the vanity of the times.

[*Exit.*

Mir. Go thy way, good wife Bias: Do you hear,

Duretete? Doſt hear this ſtarch'd piece of auſterity?

Dur. She is mine, man; ſhe's mine: My own talent to a T. I'll match her in dialects, faith. I was ſeven years at the Univerſity, man, nurs'd up with Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton. Did you ever know, man, that 'twas metaphyſics made me an aſs? It was, faith. Had ſhe talk'd a word of ſinging, dancing, plays, faſhions, or the like, I had founder'd at the firſt ſtep; but as ſhe is---Mirabel, wiſh me joy.

Mir. You don't mean marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a man of more honour.

Mir. Bravely reſolv'd, captain; now for thy credit: warm me this frozen ſnow-ball, 'twill be a conqueſt above the Alps.

Dur. But will you promiſe to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all occaſions; never fear.

Dur. Why, then, you ſhall ſee me in two moments make an induction from my love to her hand, from her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart, and ſo conclude in her bed, categorematice. [*Exit.*

Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is enter'd---But here comes one to ſpoil my ſport; now ſhall I be teiz'd to death with this old-faſhion'd contract. I ſhou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but ſhe'll do nothing without witneſſes, forſooth. I wonder women can be ſo immodeſt.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you ſhun me?

Mir. 'Tis my humour, Madam, and I'm naturally ſway'd by inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that contract is, that it was made ſome three years ago, and that's enough in conſcience to forget the reſt on't.

Ori. 'Tis ſufficient, Sir, to recollect the paſſing of it; for in that circumſtance, I preſume, lies the force of the obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the will, are no tie upon the conſcience; I was a ſlave to my paſſion when I paſs'd the inſtrument, but the recovery of my freedom makes the contract void.

Ori. Come, Mr. Mirabel, theſe expreſſions I expected from the raillery of your humour, but I hope

for very different ſentiments from your honour and generoſity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my generoſity, 'tis at your ſervice, with all my heart: I'll keep you a coach and ſix horſes, if you pleaſe, only permit me to keep my honour to myſelf; for I can aſſure you, Madam, that the thing called honour is a circumſtance abſolutely unneceſſary in a natural correſpondence between male and female; and he's a madman that lays it out, conſidering its ſcarcity, upon any ſuch trivial occaſions. There's honour requir'd of us by our friends, and honour due to our enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a man that left but an inch of his honour in a woman's keeping, that could ever get the leaſt account on't———

Ori. Well, Sir, ev'n all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper; your travels have improv'd your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now---I tell thee, child, there is not the leaſt occaſion for morals in any buſineſs between you and I------Don't you know, that of all commerce in the world there is no ſuch cozenage and deceit as in the traffic between man and woman; we ſtudy all our lives long how to put tricks upon one another------No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do to catch poor innocent men---What d'ye ſigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why, for a huſband: that is, you implore Providence to aſſiſt you in the juſt and pious deſign of making the wiſeſt of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation a ſlave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am reſolv'd to uſe it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not ſo faſt---As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us; ſo we have vows, oaths, and proteſtations of all ſorts and ſizes to make fools of you. And this, in ſhort, my dear creature, is our preſent condition. I have ſworn and ly'd briſkly to gain my ends of you; your ladyſhip has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your ends of me---But, ſince we are both diſappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both ſides.

Ori. With all my heart, Sir; give me up my contract, and I'll never ſee your face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No; you ſhall die a maid, unleſs you pleaſe to be otherwiſe upon my terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to ſtarve you into compliance; look'e, you ſhall never marry any man; and you had as good let me do you a kindneſs as a ſtranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a———

Mir. What am I, miſtreſs?

Ori. A villain, Sir!

Mir. I'm glad on't-----I never knew an honeſt fellow in my life, but was a villain upon theſe occaſions.———Ha'n't you drawn yourſelf, now, into a very pretty dilemma? Ha, ha, ha! the poor lady has made a vow of virginity, when ſhe thought of making a vow for the contrary. Was ever poor woman ſo cheated into chaſtity!

Ori. Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, my friends as powerful, and both ſhall be put to the teſt, to do me juſtice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the law ſhall.

Mir. But the law can't force me to do any thing elſe, can it?

Ori. Pſhaw! I deſpiſe thee---monſter.

Mir. Kiſs and be friends, then-----Don't cry, child, and you ſhall have your ſugar-plumb------Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be ſo unreaſonable as to make you faſt all your life long? No, I did but jeſt; you ſhall have your liberty: here, take your contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What, is the girl a fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you ſhall find me cunning enough to do myſelf juſtice; and ſince I muſt not depend upon your love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of ſpight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of ſpight; and make a moſt confounded huſband.

Ori. O, Sir, I ſhall match ye: a good huſband makes a good wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the city to run you in debt for more.

Mir. Your face-mending toilet ſhall fly out of the window.

Ori. And your face-mending perriwig ſhall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the furbelow off your clothes; and

when you ſwoon for vexation, you ſha'n't have a penny to buy a bottle of hartſhorn.

Ori. And you, Sir, ſhall have hartſhorn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many miſtreſſes as I have coach-horſes.

Ori. And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your woman before your face.

Ori. Have a care of your valet behind your back.

Mir. But, ſweet Madam, there is ſuch a thing as a divorce.

Ori. But, ſweet Sir, there is ſuch a thing as alimony, ſo divorce on, and ſpare not. [*Exit.*

Mir. Ay, that ſeperate maintenance is the devil——there's their refuge---o' my conſcience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, becauſe the women are ſo handſomely rewarded for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Duretete *and* Petit.

Dur. And ſhe's mighty peeviſh you ſay?

Pet. O, Sir, ſhe has a tongue as long as my leg; and talks ſo crabbedly, you would think ſhe always ſpoke Welſh.

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her philoſophy.

Pet. But ſometimes ſhe will ſit you half a day without ſpeaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I ſhall match her in philoſophical ogles, ſuch; that's my talent: I can talk beſt, you muſt know, when I ſay nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't ſhe endure laughing?

Pet. Why ſhe's a critic, Sir; ſhe hates a jeſt, for fear it ſhould pleaſe her: and nothing keeps her in humour but what gives her the ſpleen. And then for logic, and all that, you know——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practiſing hard words, and nonſenſe, this hour, to entertain her.

Pet. Then place yourſelf behind this ſcreen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, leſt I ſhould forget my leſſon.

Pet. Here ſhe comes, Sir, I muſt fly,

[*Exit* Pet. *and* Dur. *ſtands peeping behind the curtain.*

Enter Biſarre *and maid.*

Biſ. [*With a book.*] Pſhaw, hang books, they ſour our temper, ſpoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions. [*Throws away the book.*

Dur. Eh! the devil ſuch a word is there in all Ariſtotle.

Biſ. Come wench, let's be free, call in the fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fidler.

Dur. Wou'd to the lord there was not.

Biſ. Here, friend, a minuet!----quicker time!. ha---wou'd we had a man or two.

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You ſhall have the devil ſooner, my dear dancing philoſopher.

Biſ. Uds my life!----Here's one.

[*Runs to* Dur. *and hauls him back.*

Dur. Is all my learn'd preparation come to this?

Biſ. Come, Sir, don't be aſham'd, that's my good boy----you're very welcome, we wanted ſuch a one———Come, ſtrike up----I know you dance well, Sir; you're finely ſham'd for't———Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miſs the time elſe.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Biſ. Ay, ay, talk as you dance; talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics.

Biſ. Hang dialectics---Mind the time---Quicker, ſirrah, [*To the fidler.*]Come-----and how dy'e find yourſelf now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing ſweat, doctor.

Biſ. All the better, patient, all the better;---- Come, Sir, ſing now, ſing, I know you ſing well; I ſee you have a ſinging face; a heavy dull ſonato face.

Dur. Who, I ſing?

Biſ. O you're modeſt, Sir---but come, ſit down, cloſer, cloſer. Here, a bottle of wine------Come, Sir; fa, la, lay; ſing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Biſ. O, Sir, you ſhall drink firſt. Come, fill me a bumper---here, Sir, bleſs the king.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his dominions-----by this light, ſhe'll make me drunk too.

Biſ. O pardon me, Sir, you ſhall do me right, fill it higher.———Now, Sir, can you drink a health under you leg?

Dur. Rare philoſophy that, faith.

Biſ. Come, off with it to the bottom.——— Now, how dy'e like me, Sir?

Dur. O mighty well, Madam.

Biſ. You ſee how a woman's fancy varies, ſome-

times ſplenetic and heavy, then gay and frolickſome. And how d'ye like the humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me ſit down to anſwer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Biſ. Fye upon't; a young man, and tir'd! up for ſhame, and walk about, action becomes us----- a little faſter, Sir.-----What d'ye ye think now of my Lady La Pale, and Lady Coquet, the Duke's fair daughter? Ha! Are they not briſk laſſes? Then there is black Mrs. Bellair, and brown Mrs. Bellface.

Dur. They are all ſtrangers to me, Madam.

Biſ. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always deſpicable————O lard, Sir, if young Mrs. Bagatell had kept herſelf ſingle till this time o'day, what a beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germains.

Dur. Upon my ſoul, I don't.

Biſ. And then you muſt have heard of the Engliſh beau, Splenamore, how unlike a gentleman-----

Dur. Hey----not a ſyllable on't, as I hope to be ſaved, Madam.

Biſ. No! Why then play me a jig. Come, Sir.

Dur. By this light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have ſprain'd my leg.

Biſ. Then ſit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your buſineſs with me? What's your errand? Quick, quick, diſpatch----Odſo, may be you are ſome gentleman's ſervant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of veniſon.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a carrier?

Biſ. O! cry you mercy, I ſaw you juſt now; I miſtook you, upon my word: you are one of the travelling gentlemen----and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more ſerious intention than your entertainment has anſwered.

Biſ. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greateſt affront imaginable, howe'er your expreſſions may turn it to a compliment: your viſit, Sir, was intended as a prologue to a very ſcurvy play, of which Mr. Mirabel and you ſo handſomely laid the plot.——"Marry! No, no, I'm a man of "more honour." Where's your honour? Where's your courage now? Ads my life, Sir, I have a great mind to kick you.————Go, go to your fellow-rake now, rail at my ſex and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon————But I muſt

have you to know, Sir, that my reputation is above the ſcandal of a libel, my virtue is ſufficiently approv'd to thoſe whoſe opinion is my intereſt: and for the reſt, let them talk what they will; for when I pleaſe, I'll be what I pleaſe, in ſpight of you and all mankind; and ſo, my dear man of honour, if you be tir'd, con over this leſſon, and ſit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti tum. [*Sings.*] Ha, ha, ha! "Ads my life, I have a great mind to kick you!" Oons and confuſion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever man ſo abus'd?----Ay, Mirabel ſet me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find yourſelf?

Dur. You ſon of a nine-ey'd whore, d'ye come to abuſe me? I'll kick you, with a vengeance, you dog. [Petit *runs off, and* Dur. *after him.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Old Mirabel *and the Young.*

Old Mir. BOB! come hither, Bob.

Mir. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Old Mir. Are you not a great rogue, ſirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my comprehenſion, Sir, for I've heard ſay, that I reſemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble ſlave—I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! then I muſt be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any paſſage of my life that I'm aſham'd of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; do'ſt ſee this picture? [*Shews him a little picture.*

Mir. Oriana's? Pſhaw!

Old Mir. What, Sir, won't you look upon't----Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee come hither now—Do'ſt want any money, child?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's ſome for thee; come here now——How can'ſt thou be ſo hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly raſcal, (don't miſtake me, child, I a'nt angry) as to abuſe this tender, lovely, good-natur'd, dear rogue?———Why, ſhe ſighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and ſnubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is

like to burſt———Come, my dear boy, be good-natur'd like your own father, be now——and then ſee here, read this———the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with ten thouſand pounds to her portion—ten thouſand pounds, you dog; ten thouſand pounds, you rogue; how dare you refuſe a lady with ten thouſand pounds, you impudent raſcal!

Mir. Will you hear me ſpeak, Sir?

Old Mir. Hear you ſpeak, Sir! If you had ten thouſand tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thouſand pounds, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me, I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take poſt for Italy this moment.

Old Mir. Ah! the fellow knows I won't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Mir. The univerſal reception, Sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cauſe; but there are ſome conſtitutions, like ſome inſtruments, ſo peculiarly ſingular, that they make tolerable muſic by themſelves, but never do well in a concert.

Old Mir. Why this is reaſon, I muſt confeſs, but yet it is nonſenſe too; for though you ſhou'd reaſon like an angel, if you argue yourſelf out of a good eſtate, you talk like a fool.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Crœſus, you leave me but a beggar for want of my liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever ſuch a perverſe fool heard! 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you education! was it to diſpute me out of my ſenſes? Of what colour now is the head of this cane? You'll ſay, 'tis white, and ten to one make me believe it too----I thought that young fellows ſtudied to get money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have ſtudy'd to deſpiſe it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old Mir. There he has me again now, But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir! In what reſpect, pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the world, Sir; wasn't that an obligation?

Mir. And becauſe I wou'd have it ſtill an obligation, I avoid marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Becauſe I wou'd not curſe the hour I was born.

Old Mir. Look'e, friend, you may perſuade me out of my deſigns, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reaſon

that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of ſixty-three, call'd poſitiveneſs, which you nor all the wits in Italy ſhall ever be able to ſhake: ſo, Sir, you're a wit, and I'm a father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the ſon a finer gentleman than the father; they firſt give us breeding that they don't underſtand, then they turn us out of doors 'cauſe we are wiſer than themſelves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. [*Aſide.*] Sir, you have been pleaſed to ſettle a thouſand pounds ſterling a year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great honour for you and your family, and ſhall take care that your only and beloved ſon ſhall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himſelf. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble ſervant. [*Runs off.*

Old Mir. Here, ſirrah, rogue, Bob, villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir, 'tis but what he deſerves.

Old Mir. 'Tis falſe, Sir, he don't deſerve it: what have you to ſay againſt my boy, Sir?

Dug. I ſhall only repeat your own words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my words? I have ſwallow'd my words already; I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very eaſily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old Mir. Sir, your ſiſter was a fooliſh young flirt, to truſt any ſuch young, deceitful, rake-helly rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, old gentleman, I thought we ſhou'd have the words again.

Old Mir. And what then! 'Tis the way with young fellows to ſlight an old gentleman's words; you never mind 'em when you ought.—I ſay, that Bob's an honeſt fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. That dare I, Sir:——I ſay, that your ſon is a wild, foppiſh, whimſical, impertinent coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this gentleman's ſiſter is, I wou'd make it an Italian quarrel, and poiſon the whole family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my ſiſter is abus'd; you are made ſenſible of the affront, and your honour is concern'd to ſee her redreſs'd.

Old Mir. Look'e, Mr. Dugard, good words go fartheſt. I will do your ſiſter juſtice, but it muſt be after my own rate: nobody muſt abuſe my ſon

but myſelf. For although Robin be a ſad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Biſ. Ay, that's my ſweet-natur'd, kind old gentleman---[*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young baggage, what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of ſixty-three?

Biſ. A plot that ſixty-three is only good for; to bring other people together, Sir; a Spaniſh plot, and you muſt act the Spaniard, 'cauſe your ſon will leaſt ſuſpect you; and if he ſhou'd, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expoſe her brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the buſineſs, Madam?

Biſ. Myſelf, Sir; my friend is grown a perfect changeling; theſe fooliſh hearts of ours ſpoil our heads preſently; the fellows no ſooner turn knaves, but we turn fools: but I am ſtill myſelf, and he may expect the moſt ſevere uſage from me, 'cauſe I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old Mir. Well ſaid, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who muſt open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our engineer-general. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more diſcoveries! Are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, ſpeak freely.

Pet. You muſt know, Sir;———od's my life, I'm out of breath; you muſt know, Sir———you muſt know———

Old Mir. What the devil muſt we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows.*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd----your ſon's ſecretary of ſtate!

Old Mir. Secretary of ſtate!——who's that, for Heav'n's ſake?

Pet. His valet-de-chambre, Sir. You muſt know, Sir, that the intrigue lay folded up with his maſter's clothes, and when he went to duſt the embroider'd ſuit, the ſecret flew out of the right-pocket of his coat, in a whole ſwarm of your crambo ſongs, ſhort-footed odes, and long-legg'd pindarics.

Old Mir. Impoſſible!

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was Oriana in every line, but he hates marriage. Now, Sir, this plot will ſtir up his jealouſy, and we ſhall know, by the ſtrength of that, how to proceed farther.

Come, Sir, let's about it with ſpeed,
'Tis expedition gives our king the ſway;
For expedition to the French give way;
Swift to attack, or ſwift---to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Biſarre, *paſſing careleſsly by one another.*

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what ſhe can ſee in this fellow, to like him?

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what my friend can ſee in this girl, to admire her?

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] A wild, foppiſh, extravagant rake-hell.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] A light, whimſical, impertinent madcap.

Biſ. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Biſ. A fellow that has nothing left to re-eſtabliſh him for a human creature, but a prudent reſolution to hang himſelf.

Mir. There is a way, Madam, to force me to that reſolution.

Biſ. I'll do't with all my heart.

Mir. Then you muſt marry me.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill manners to me ſhall excuſe your ill uſage to my friend; nor by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the abſent; for I'm reſolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a panegyric, that ſhall mortify your pride like any modern dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern patron, ſhall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Biſ. Come, Sir, to let you ſee what little foundation you have for your dear ſufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what piece will you chuſe?

Biſ. Your heart, to be ſure; 'cauſe I ſhould get preſently rid on't; your courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd play-maker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the phyſicians, and your ſoul to its maſter.

Mir. I had the oddeſt dream laſt night of the Ducheſs of Burgundy; methought the furbelows of her gown were pinn'd up ſo high behind, that I cou'd not ſee her head for her tail.

Biſ. The creature don't mind me! do you think, Sir, that your humourous impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any pleaſure that you can give, but that of ſeeing you miſerable. And mark me, Sir, my friend, my injur'd friend, ſhall yet be doubly happy, and you ſhall be a huſband as

much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of 'em can make you.

[*Here* Mirabel *pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himſelf while ſhe ſpeaks.*]

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)*

Diſſimulare etiam ſperâſti, perfide tantum [Very true.]

Poſſe nefas.

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a raſcally trick of your hero, to forſake poor pug ſo inhumanly.

Biſ. I don't know what to ſay to him. The devil----what's Virgil to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the moſt appropos in the world----for, what ſhou'd I chop upon, but the very place where the perjur'd rogue of a lover and the forſaken lady are battling it tooth and nail. Come, Madam, ſpend your ſpirits no longer, we'll take an eaſier method: I'll be Æneas now, and you ſhall be Dido, and we'll rail by book. Now for you, Madam Dido.

Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido——

Ah, poor Dido! [*Looking at her.*

Biſ. Rudeneſs, affronts, impatience! I cou'd almoſt ſtart out even to manhood, and want but a weapon as long as his to fight him upon the ſpot. What ſhall I ſay?

Mir. Now ſhe rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Biſ. A man! No, the woman's birth was ſpirited away.——

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very words.

Biſ. And ſome pernicious elf left in the cradle with human ſhape to palliate growing miſchief.

[*Both ſpeak together, and raiſe their voices by degrees.*

Mir. *Perfide, ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens*
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Biſ. Go, Sir, fly to your midnight revels.——

Mir. [Excellent.] *I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,*

Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia Numina poſſunt.
[*Together again.*

Biſ. Converſe with imps of darkneſs of your make; your nature ſtarts at juſtice, and ſhivers at the touch of virtue. Now the devil take his im-

pudence, he vexes me ſo, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear Libyan; I'll write the tragedy of Dido, and you ſhall act the part: but you do nothing at all, unleſs you fret yourſelf into a fit; for here the poor lady is ſtifled with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids; and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful wanderer, is in the very next line call'd Pius Æneas.——— There's authority for ye.

Sorry, indeed, Æneas ſtood
To ſee her in a pout;
But Jove himſelf, who ne'er thought good
To ſtay a ſecond bout,
Commands him off with all his crew,
And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Biſ. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable fellow. O' my conſcience I muſt excuſe Oriana.

That lover ſoon his angry fair diſarms,
Whoſe ſlighting pleaſes, and whoſe faults are charms. [*Exit.*

Enter Petit; *runs about to every door, and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. Mirabel! Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the matter, Petit?

Pet. Moſt critically met--Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the game ſo long, and brought the poor hare juſt under his paws, ſhould let a mungrel cur chop in, and run away with the puſs.

Mir. If your worſhip can get out of your allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your miſtreſs and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble ſervant, Sir. [*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, Petit. Marry'd, ſay you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do you a ſervice, but I ſhall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thouſand pardons. [*Bowing low.*

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir———I come to tell you, Sir, that Oriana is this moment to be ſacrificed; marry'd paſt redemption.

Mir. I underſtand her, ſhe'll take a huſband out of ſpight to me; and then, out of love to me, ſhe will

make him a cuckold. But who is the happy man?

Pet. A lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her ladyſhip's moſt humble ſervant; a train and a title; hey! Room for my lady's coach, a front row in the box for her ladyſhip; lights, lights for her honour.——Now muſt I be a conſtant attender at my lord's levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee——A counteſs, I preſume, Sir.——

Pet. A Spaniſh count, Sir, that Mr. Dugard knew abroad, is come to Paris, ſaw your miſtreſs yeſterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it ſo? and muſt I follow my cuckold over the Pyrenees? Had ſhe marry'd within the precincts of a billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her to church; but, as it happens, I'll forbid the banns. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, Sir, he's a rough, croſs-grained piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. Dugard, or the lady herſelf, ſomething might be done, for it is deſpight to you, that the buſineſs is carried ſo haſtily. Odſo, Sir, here he comes! I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Mirabel, *dreſſed in a Spaniſh Habit, leading* Oriana.

Ori. Good, my lord, a nobler choice had better ſuited your lordſhip's merit. My perſon, rank, and circumſtance, expoſe me as the public theme of railiery, and ſubject me ſo to injurious uſage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital air, that dares preſume
With rude behaviour to profane ſuch excellence?
Shew me the man——
And you ſhall ſee how my ſudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of ſuch preſumption.
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to* Mirabel.

Mir. Sir?

Ori. Good my lord,

Old Mir. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a ſtranger.

Old Mir. O your pardon, Sir,----but if you had ----remember, Sir------the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you underſtand me——Come, Madam.

[*Leads* Oriana *to the door, ſhe goes off*; Mir. *runs to his father, and pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Mir. Ecouté, Monſieur le Count.

Old Mir. Your buſineſs, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! What language is that, Sir?

Mir. Spaniſh, my lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir. [*Trips up his heels.*

Old Mir. A very conciſe quarrel, truly——— I'll bully him———Trinidade Seigneur, give me fair play. [*Offering to riſe.*

Mir. By all means, Sir, [*Takes away his ſword.*] Now, Seigneur, where's that bombaſt look, and fuſtian face your countſhip wore juſt now?

[*Strikes him.*

Old Mir. The rogue quarrels well, very well, my own ſon right!----But hold, ſirrah, no more jeſting; I'm your father, Sir, your father.

Mir. My father! Then, by this light, I could find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aſide.*] Is the fellow mad? Why ſure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of you ſenſes?

Old Mir. But you have, Sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to ſtrike him.*

Old Mir. Why, rogue———Bob, dear Bob, don't you know me, child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright diſtracted. Thou miracle of impudence! wou'dſt thou make me believe that ſuch a grave gentleman as my father wou'd go a maſquerading thus? That a perſon of threeſcore and three would run about in a fool's coat to diſgrace himſelf and family? Why, you impudent villain, do you think I will ſuffer ſuch an affront to paſs upon my honour'd father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my father but once again, and I'll ſend your ſoul to thy grandfather this minute!

[*Offering to ſtab him.*

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your father.

Mir. Why, then, Sir, you are the ſaucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll uſe you accordingly.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard *runs to* Mirabel, *the reſt to the Old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fye, fye, Mirabel; murder your father!

Mir. My father! What, is the whole family mad? Give me way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither; let me be gone, pray. [*Offering to go.*

Mir. My father!

Old Mir. Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a trick, it ſeems; a deſign, a contrivance, a ſtratagem----Oh! how my bones ach!

Old Mir. Your bones, ſirrah; why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, ha'n't I been beating my own fleſh and blood all this while? O, Madam, [*To* Oriana.] I wiſh your ladyſhip joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed.

Pet. The contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear Dulcinea, did your Don Quixote battle for you bravely? My father will anſwer for the force of my love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't inſult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I ſtand tamely now. [*Comes up between* Mirabel *and his ſiſter.*] Well, Sir.

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, Sir, that you put on your landlord face at me?

Dug. On what preſumption, Sir, dare you aſſume thus? [*Draws.*

Old Mir. What's that to you, Sir? [*Draws.*

Pet. Help! help! the lady faints.

[Oriana *falls into her maid's arms.*

Mir. Vapours! vapours! ſhe'll come to herſelf. If it be an angry fit, a dram of aſſa-fœtida------If jealouſy, hartſhorn in water---If the mother, burnt feathers---If grief, ratifia---If it be ſtrait ſtays, or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plain brandy. [*Exit.*

Ori. O, my brother, would you preſerve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itſelf; 'tis a dear vindication that's purchas'd by the ſword; for tho' our campaign proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty briſk again, my child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my indiſpoſition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taſte of your ſex excuſes this artifice in ours.

For often when our chief perfections fail,
Our chief defects with fooliſh men prevail.

[*Exit.*

Pet. Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage, there is a way ſtill left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

Dug. I ſcorn all artifice whatſoever; my ſword ſhall do her juſtice.

Pet. Pretty juſtice, truly! ſuppoſe you run him thro' the body; you run her thro' the heart at the ſame time.

Old Mir. And me thro' the head----Rat your ſword, Sir, we'll have plots; come, Petit, let's hear.

Pet. What if ſhe pretended to go into a nunnery, and ſo bring him about to declare himſelf?

Dug. That, I muſt confeſs, has a face.

Old Mir. A face! a face like an angel, Sir; ad's my life, Sir, 'tis the moſt beautiful plot in Chriſtendom. We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Old Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. THE Lady Abbeſs is my relation, and privy to the plot.

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are you all!---O! Mr. Mirabel, you have done fine things for your poſterity. And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to anſwer this---I come to demand my friend at your hands; reſtore him, Sir, or---- [*To* Old Mir.

Old Mir. Reſtore him! What, d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or in my pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the cauſe on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by ſhutting up your ſiſter to talk like a parrot thro' a cage? Or a decoy-duck, to draw others into a ſnare? Your ſon, Sir, becauſe ſhe has deſerted him, he has forſaken the world! and in three words, has——

Old Mir. Hang'd himſelf!

Dur. The very ſame, turn'd friar.

Old Mir. You lye, Sir, 'tis ten times worſe. Bob turn'd friar! Why ſhould the fellow ſhave his fooliſh crown, when the ſame razor may cut his throat?

Dur. If you have any command, or you any intereſt over him, loſe not a minute: He has thrown himſelf into the next monaſtery, and has order'd me to pay off his ſervants, and diſcharge his equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll ſacrifice the abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the ſpiritual or the natural father has the moſt right to the child.——But, dear captain, what has he done with his eſtate?

Dur. Settled it upon the church, Sir.

Old Mir. The church! nay then the devil won't get him out of their clutches---Ten thouſand livres a year upon the church! 'tis downright ſacrilege. Come, gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that ſum, one of theſe monaſteries ſhall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her huſband, and a diſobedient ſon from his own father. [*Exit.*

Dug. But will ye perſuade me that he's gone to a monaſtery?

Dur. Is your ſiſter gone to the *Filles Repenties*? I tell you, Sir, ſhe's not fit for the ſociety of repenting maids.

Dug. Why ſo, Sir?

Dur. Becauſe ſhe's neither one nor t'other; ſhe's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit*, Dugard *after him*,

SCENE, *the Inſide of a Monaſtery*; Oriana *in a Nun's Habit*; Biſarre.

Ori. I hope, Biſarre, there is no harm in jeſting with this religious habit.

Biſ. To me, the greateſt jeſt in the habit, is taking it in earneſt: I don't underſtand this impriſoning people with the keys of Paradiſe, nor the merit of that virtue which comes by reſtraint.—— Beſides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worſt company, when among ourſelves; for our private thoughts run us into thoſe deſires which our pride reſiſts from the attack of the world; and, you may remember, the firſt woman met the devil when ſhe retir'd from her man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the mortification of a nunnery; becauſe I fancy the habit becomes me.

Biſ. A well-contriv'd mortification, truly, that makes a woman look ten times handſomer than ſhe

did before!——Come, come, mind your buſineſs, Mirabel loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give freſh orders that he ſhan't ſee you: we get more by hiding our faces, ſometimes, than by expoſing them; a very maſk, you ſee, whets deſire; but a pair of keen eyes through an iron grate, fire double upon 'em, with view and diſguiſe. But I muſt be gone upon my affairs; I have brought my captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourſelf with that coxcomb?

Biſ. Becauſe he is a coxcomb; had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an aſs of, than a lover like yours, to make a fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A meſſage from Mirabel, I'll lay my life. [*She runs to the door.*] Come hither, run; thou charming nun, come hither.

[*Runs to her.*

Ori. As I live, Mirabel turn'd friar! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earneſt.

Biſ. In earneſt: ha, ha, ha! are you in earneſt? Now's your time; this diſguiſe has he certainly taken for a paſſport, to get in and try your reſolutions; ſtick to your habit, to be ſure; treat him with diſdain, rather than anger; for pride becomes us more than paſſion: remember what I ſay, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be ſure.

The cunning gameſters never gain too faſt,
But loſe at firſt, to win the more at laſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Mirabel *in a Friar's habit.*

Mir. Save you, ſiſter——Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your ſoul's health, has ſent me to prepare you for the ſacred habit by confeſſion.

Ori. That's falſe; the cloven foot already. [*Aſide.*] My brother's care I own; and to you, ſacred Sir, I confeſs, that the great crying ſin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was love.

Mir. She's downright ſtark mad in earneſt; death and confuſion, I have loſt her! [*Aſide.*] You confeſs your fault, Madam, in ſuch moving terms, that I could almoſt be in love with the ſin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards; my chief delight became my only grief; he in whoſe breaſt I thought my heart ſecure, turn'd robber, and deſpoil'd the treaſure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that treaſure he eſteems ſo much,

that like the miſer, though afraid to uſe it, he reſerves it ſafe.

Ori. No, holy father: who can be miſer in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart was open, ſhar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! muſt then become of mine! But the ſame eyes that drew this paſſion in, ſhall ſend it out in tears; to which now hear my vow.———

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] No, my fair angel, but let me repent; here on my knees behold the criminal, that vows repentance his. Ha! no concern upon her.

Ori. This turn is odd, and the time has been, that ſuch a ſudden change wou'd have ſurpris'd me into ſome confuſion.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit nun?

Ori. Madneſs! confuſion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his hood.*] What did you ſay, Sir?

Old Mir. I ſay ſhe's a counterfeit, and you may be another for aught I know, Sir; I have loſt my child by theſe tricks, Sir.

Mir. What tricks, Sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended trick, Sir. A contrivance to bring my ſon to reaſon, and it has made him ſtark mad; I have loſt him and a thouſand pounds a year.

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] My dear father, I'm your moſt humble ſervant.

Old Mir. My dear boy, [*Runs and kiſſes him.*] 'tis all a trick, ſhe's no more a nun than I am.

Mir. No!

Old Mir. The devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiſs me again, my dear dad, for the moſt happy news———And now, moſt venerable holy ſiſter, [*Kneels.*

Your mercy and your pardon I implore,
For the offence of aſking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice, be a nun in good earneſt; women make the beſt nuns always when they can't do otherwiſe.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you deſtroy'd what was ſo near perfection! He is the counterfeit that has deceiv'd you.

Old Mir. Ha! Look'e, Sir, I recant; ſhe is a nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble ſervant; then I'm a friar this moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old fool ſo banter'd by a

brace o' young ones; hang you both, you're both counterfeits, and my plot's ſpoil'd, that's all. [*Exit.*

Ori. Shame and confuſion, love, anger, and diſappointment, will work my brain to madneſs.

[*Takes off her habit.* Exit.

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the rags, they have ſerv'd a turn for us both, and they ſhall e'en go off together. [*Takes off his habit.*

[Exit, *throwing away the habit.*

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's *Houſe:*

Duretete *with a Letter.*

Dur. [*Reads.*]

MY rudeneſs was only a proof of your humour, which I have found ſo agreeable, that I own myſelf penitent, and willing to make any reparation, upon your firſt appearance to BISARRE.

Mirabel ſwears ſhe loves me, and this confirms it; then farewel gallantry, and welcome revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the ſublime; I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Biſarre.

Well, miſtreſs, do you love me?

Biſ. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the modeſty of———

Dur. Of what? of a dancing devil!———Do you love me, I ſay?

Biſ. Perhaps I———

Dur. What?

Biſ. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, woman, I'll——

Biſ. Hold, hold, Sir! I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your obedience, ſtand there; and ogle me now, as if your heart, blood and ſoul were like to fly out at your eyes———— Firſt, the direct ſurpriſe; [*She looks full at him.*] Right; next the *Deux yeux, par oblique.* [*She gives him the ſide glance.*] Right; now depart, and languiſh. [*She turns from him, and looks over her ſhoulder.*] Very well; now ſigh. [*She ſighs.*] Now drop your fan on purpoſe. [*She drops her fan.*] Now take it up again: Come, now confeſs your faults; are not you a proud——ſay after me.

Biſ. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Biſ. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Biſ. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Biſ. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me! we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt me to do you a miſchief: aſk my pardon immediately.

Biſ. I do, Sir, I only miſtook the word.

Dur. Cry then; have you got ever a handkerchief?

Biſ. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handſomely; cry like a queen in a tragedy.

[*She pretending to cry, burſts out a laughing; and enter two ladies laughing.*

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Ladies both. Ha, ha, ha!

Dur. Hell broke looſe upon me, and all the furies flutter'd about my ears! Betray'd again?

Biſ. That you are, upon my word, my dear captain; ha, ha, ha!

Dur. The Lord deliver me!

1 *Lady.* What! Is this the mighty man with the bull-face that comes to frighten ladies? I long to ſee him angry; come, begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the beſt natur'd fellow in the world.

2 *Lady.* A man! we're miſtaken, a man has manners; the aukward creature is ſome tinker's trull in a perriwig.

Biſ. Come, ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! the devil you will!

Biſ. I'll lay my life, ſome great dairy-maid in man's clothes.

Dur. They will do't——Look'e, dear Chriſtian women, pray hear me.

Biſ. Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again?

Dur. If you pleaſe to let me get away with my honour, I'll do any thing in the world.

Biſ. Will you perſuade your friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be ſure.

Biſ. And will you do the ſame by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the coaſt be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha! the viſit, ladies, was critical for our diverſions, we'll go make an end of our tea.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel, *and* Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your patience, Sir, I tell you I won't marry; and though you ſend all the biſhops in

France to perſuade me, I ſhall never believe their doctrine againſt their practice.

Old Mir. But will you diſobey your father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my father have his youthful ſon lie lazing here, bound to a wife, chain'd like a monkey, to make ſport to a woman, ſubject to her whims, humours, longings, vapours, and caprices? Be merciful, Sir, to your own fleſh and blood!

Old Mir. But, Sir, did not I bear all this; why ſhould not you?

Mir. Then you think that marriage, like treaſon, ſhall attaint the whole body. Pray conſider, Sir, is it reaſonable becauſe you throw yourſelf down from one ſtory, that I muſt caſt myſelf headlong from the garret window? You wou'd compel me to that ſtate which I have heard you curſe yourſelf, when my mother and you have battled it for a whole week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you rogue, and that was when ſhe long'd for ſix Flanders mares: ay, Sir, then ſhe was breeding of you, which ſhew'd what an expenſive dog I ſhould have of you.

Enter Petit.

Well, Petit, how does ſhe now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con pompos*----Ay, Mr. Mirabel, you'll believe that I ſpeak truth, now, when I confeſs that I have told you hitherto nothing but lies; our jeſting is come to a ſad earneſt, ſhe's downright diſtracted.

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. Where is this mighty victor!——The great exploit is done; go triumph in the glory of your conqueſt, inhuman, barbarous, man! O Sir, [*To the old gentleman.*] your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you! where her young innocence expected protection, here ſhe has found her ruin.

Old Mir. Ay the fault is mine, for I believe that rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting ſuch another diſobedient ſon as his father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. [*Cries.*

Enter Dugard *with his ſword drawn.*

Dug. Away; revenge, revenge.

Old Mir. Patience, patience, Sir. [*Old* Mir. *holds him.*] Bob, draw. [*Aſide.*

Dug. Patience! The coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provok'd---Villain!

Mir. Your ſiſter's frenzy ſhall excuſe your madneſs; and, to ſhew my concern for what ſhe ſuffers,

I'll bear the villain from her brother---Put up your anger with your ſword; I have a heart like your's, that ſwells at an affront receiv'd, but melts at an injury given; and if the lovely Oriana's grief be ſuch a moving ſcene, 'twill find a part within this breaſt, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

Dug. To prove that ſoft compaſſion for her grief, endeavour to remove it.——There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as ſhe: [*Enter* Oriana, *held by two maids who put her in a chair.*] A ſiſter that my dying parents left, with their laſt words and bleſſing, to my care. Siſter, deareſt ſiſter. [*Goes to her.*

Old Mir. Ay, poor child, poor child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are Amadis de Gaul, Sir;——Oh! oh my heart! Were you never in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?---I dream of walking fires, and tall gigantic ſights. Take heed, it comes now———What's that? Pray ſtand away: I have ſeen that face ſure.——How light my head is!

Mir. What piercing charms has beauty, ev'n in madneſs!———Come, Madam, try to repoſe a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I muſt be up to go to church, and I muſt dreſs me, put on my new gown, and be ſo fine, to meet my love. Hey ho!——Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried!

Mir. My very ſoul is touch'd———Your hand, my fair.

Ori. How ſoft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Mir. How ſhe ſtares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred miſtreſſes——Ay, to be ſure, a miſtreſs for every guinea in his pocket———Will you pray for me? I ſhall die to-morrow—And will you ring my paſſing-bell?

Mir. O, woman, woman, of artifice created! whoſe nature even diſtracted, has a cunning: In vain let man his ſenſe, his learning boaſt, when woman's madneſs over-rules his reaſon. Do you know me, injur'd creature?

Ori. No——but you ſhall be my intimate acquaintance—in the grave. [*Weeps.*

Mir. O, tears, I muſt believe you; ſure there's a kind of ſympathy in madneſs: for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my ſoul ſo toſs'd with

ſtorms of paſſion, that I could cry for help as well as ſhe.——— [*Wipes her eyes.*

Ori. What, have you loſt your lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair innocence, and hear me own my love ſo loud, that I may call your ſenſes to their place, reſtore 'em to their charming happy functions, and reinſtate myſelf into your favour.

Biſ. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; ſhe trembles, hold her, her fits grow ſtronger by her talking; don't trouble her, ſhe don't know you, Sir.

Old Mir. Not know him! what then? ſhe loves to ſee him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye ſad, and ſuch a ridiculous ſubject, ſuch a very good jeſt among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this impertinence; this is no place for bagatelle: I have murder'd my honour, deſtroy'd a lady, and my deſire of reparation is come at length too late! ſee there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas! ſhe's mad.

Dur. Mad! do'ſt wonder at that? By this light, they're all ſo; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad: I juſt now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almoſt——What, is ſhe dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns further it; for till they be as cold as a key, there's no truſting them; you're never ſure that a woman's in earneſt, till ſhe's nail'd in her coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, miſtreſs?

Biſ. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there! [*Runs off.*

Mir. Away, thou wild buffoon; how poor and mean this humour now appears? This lady's frenzy has reſtor'd my ſenſes, and was ſhe perfect now, as once ſhe was, (before ye all I ſpeak it) ſhe ſhould be mine; and as ſhe is, my tears and prayers ſhall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this declaration been ſome hours ago.

Biſ. Sir, ſhe beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em.

[*Ex. omnes, but* Mir. *and* Ori.

Ori. O, Sir.

Mir. Speak, my charming angel; if your dear

ſenſes have regain'd their order; ſpeak, fair, and bleſs me with the news.

Ori. Firſt, let me bleſs the cunning of my ſex, that happy counterfeited frenzy that has reſtor'd to my poor labouring breaſt the deareſt, beſt belov'd of men.

Mir. Tune all, ye ſpheres, your inſtruments of joy, and carry round your ſpacious orbs the happy ſound of Oriana's health; her ſoul, whoſe harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has play'd the fool.

She was ſo mad to counterfeit for me;
I was ſo mad to pawn my liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir, free!

Mir. As air, my dear bedlamite; what, marry a lunatick! Look ye, my dear, you have counterfeited madneſs ſo very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long——Here, gentlemen.

Ori. Monſter! you won't diſgrace me.

Mir. O' my faith but I will; here, come in, gentlemen—A miracle! a miracle! the woman's diſpoſſeſs'd, the devil's vaniſh'd.

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Old Mir. Bleſs us, was ſhe poſſeſs'd?

Mir. With the worſt of demons, Sir, a marriage-devil, a horrid devil. Mr. Dugard, don't be ſurpriz'd, I promis'd my endeavours to cure your ſiſter; no mad doctor in Chriſtendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge; and have a care ſhe don't relapſe; if ſhe ſhould, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty; I do cure ſometimes.

Ori. Your remedy, moſt barbarous man, will prove the greateſt poiſon to my health; for tho' my former frenzy was but counterfeit, I now ſhall run into a real madneſs. [*Exit*; Old Mir. *after.*

Dug. This was a turn beyond my knowledge; I'm ſo confus'd, I know not how to reſent it. [*Exit.*

Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I eſcap'd! Was not I juſt now upon the brink of deſtruction?

Enter Duretete.

O, my friend, let me run into thy boſom; no lark, eſcap'd from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more diſmal apprehenſion.

Dur. The matter, man!

Mir. Marriage, hanging; I was juſt at the gallows-foot, the running nooſe about my neck, and

the cart wheeling from me---Oh---I ſhan't be myſelf this month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you ſo? They are all alike, ſaints or devils: their counterfeiting can't be repuſed a deceit, for 'tis the nature of the ſex, not their contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay: there's no living here with ſecurity; this houſe is ſo full of ſtratagem and deſign, that I muſt abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart, I'll bear thee company, my lad; I'll meet you at the play; and we'll ſet out for Italy to-morrow morning.

Mir. A match; I'll go pay my compliment of leave to my father preſently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll ſtop you.

Mir. What, pretend a command over me after his ſettlement of a thouſand pounds a year upon me? No, no, he has paſs'd away his authority with the conveyance; the will of a living father is chiefly obeyed for the ſake of the dying one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the Play-Houſe.*

Mirabel *and* Duretete *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this play?

Mir. I lik'd the company; the lady, the rich beauty in the front-box had my attention: theſe impudent poets bring the ladies together to ſupport them, and to kill every body elſe.

For deaths upon the ſtage the ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the audience die.

Dur. Hoyty, toyty; did Phillis inſpire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the play-houſe is the element of poetry, becauſe the region of beauty; the ladies, methinks, have a more triumphant air in the boxes than any where elſe; they ſit commanding on their thrones, with all their ſubject ſlaves about them: their beſt clothes, beſt looks, ſhining jewels, ſparkling eyes, the treaſure of the world in a ring. Then there's ſuch a hurry of pleaſure to tranſport us; the buſtle, noiſe, gallantry, bows, ſmiles, ogles, love, muſick, and applauſe: I could wiſh that my whole life long were the firſt night of a new play.

Dur. The fellow has quite forgot this journey; have you beſpoke poſt horſes?

Mir. Grant me but three days, dear captain, one to diſcover the lady, one to unfold myſelf, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the world's end.

Dur. Haſt thou the impudence to promiſe thyſelf a lady of her figure and quality in ſo ſhort a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir---I have a confident addreſs, no diſagreeable perſon, and five hundred lewis-d'ors in my pocket.

Dur. Five hundred lewis-d'ors! You a'n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, ſhe's worth five thouſand; one of her black brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that, abating Oriana's pretenſions to marriage, you lov'd her paſſionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I long'd for a partridge, t'other day, off the king's plate; but d'ye think, becauſe I could not have it, I muſt eat nothing?

Dur. Pr'ythee, Mirabel, be quiet; you may remember what narrow 'ſcapes you have had abroad by following ſtrangers; you forget your leap out of the courteſan's window at Bologna, to ſave your fine ring there.

Mir. My ring's a trifle; there's nothing we poſſeſs comparable to what we deſire——Be ſhy of a lady barefac'd in the front-box, with a thouſand pounds in jewels about her neck! For ſhame; no more.

Enter Oriana *in Boy's Cloaths, with a Letter.*

Ori. Is your name Mirabel, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A letter from your uncle in Piccardy.

[*Gives the letter.*

Mir. [*Reads.*]

THE bearer is the ſon of a Proteſtant gentleman, who flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth. [A pretty boy.] *He's fond of ſome handſome ſervice that may afford him opportunity of improvement; your care of him will oblige* Your's. Haſt a mind to travel, child?

Ori. 'Tis my deſire, Sir: I ſhould be pleas'd to ſerve a traveller in any capacity.

Mir. A hopeful inclination; you ſhall along with me into Italy, as my page.

Dur. The play's done, and ſome of the ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, *with her Train borne up by a Page.*

Mir. Duretete! the very dear, identical ſhe!

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why, 'tis ſhe.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Mir. Then! Why——Look'e, ſirrah, the firſt piece of ſervice I put on you, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where ſhe lives.

[*To* Oriana.

Ori. I don't know the town, Sir, and am afraid of loſing myſelf.

Mir. Pſhaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, Madam; I can ſee no ſign of your ladyſhip's coach.

Lam. That fellow is got into his old pranks, and fall'n drunk ſomewhere: none of the footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. Theſe ſervants are the plague of our lives; what ſhall I do?

Mir. By all my hopes, fortune pimps for me! now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't, ſure?

Mir. Won't, brute! Let not your ſervants neglect, Madam, put your ladyſhip to any inconvenience, for you can't be diſappointed of an equipage whilſt mine waits below; and wou'd you honour the maſter ſo far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Sir, I won't preſume to be troubleſome, for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd; beſides, Madam, a hackney-coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude beaſt, be quiet! [*To* Duretete.] The farther from home, Madam, the more occaſion you have for a guard——pray, Madam——

Lam. Lard, Sir——

[*He ſeems to preſs, ſhe to decline it, in dumb ſhew.*

Dur. Ah! the devil's in his impudence: now he wheedles, ſhe ſmiles; he flatters, ſhe ſimpers; he ſwears, ſhe believes; he's a rogue, and ſhe's a whore, in a moment.

Mir. Without, there! my coach!—Duretete, wiſh me joy. [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wiſh you a ſurgeon! Here, you little Picard, go follow your maſter, and he'll lead you—

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the academy, child: 'tis the faſhion,

with men of quality, to teach their pages their exerciſes——go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir; that woman may do him ſome harm: I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, Mr. Page, do you ſtart up to give laws of a ſudden; do you pretend to riſe at court, and diſapprove the pleaſure of your betters? Look'e, ſirrah, if ever you wou'd riſe by a great man, be ſure to be with him in his little actions; and, as a ſtep to your advancement, follow your maſter immediately, and make it your hope that he goes to a bawdy-houſe.

Ori. Heav'ns forbid. [*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I ſooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman: What a ſtrange antipathy have I taken againſt theſe creatures! A woman, to me, is averſion upon averſion, a cheeſe, a cat, a breaſt of mutton, the ſqualling of children, the grinding of knives, and the ſnuff of a candle. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a handſome Apartment.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your ſervice was ſomething more than good breeding, pleaſe to lay out an hour of your company upon my deſire, as you have already upon my neceſſity.

Mir. Your deſire, Madam, has only prevented my requeſt: My hours! make 'em yours, Madam; eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to thoſe happy minutes.

Lam. But I muſt trouble you, Sir, to diſmiſs your retinue, becauſe an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be conſiſtent with my reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam; all but one little boy——Here, page, [*Enter* Oriana.] order my coach and ſervants home, and do you ſtay. 'Tis a fooliſh country-boy, that knows nothing but innocence. [*Exit* Oriana.

Lam. Innocence, Sir? I ſhould be ſorry if you made any ſiniſter conſtructions of my freedom.

Mir. O, Madam, I muſt not pretend to remark upon any body's freedom, having ſo entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our eaſy correſpondence, that we enter'd into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another——Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three words, Madam—I am a gentle-

man: I have five hundred pounds in my pocket, and a clean ſhirt on.

Lam. And your name is———

Mir. Muſtapha———Now, Madam, the inventory of your fortunes.

Lam. My name is Lamorce; my birth noble. I was married young, to a proud, rude, ſullen, impetuous fellow: the huſband ſpoiled the gentleman; crying ruin'd my face; till at laſt I took heart, leap'd out of a window, got away to my friends, ſu'd my tyrant, and recover'd my fortune. ——I liv'd from fifteen to twenty to pleaſe a huſband; from twenty to forty I'm reſolv'd to pleaſe myſelf, and from thence upwards I'll humour the world.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! I rejoice in your good fortune, with all my heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. Muſtapha, you have got the fineſt ring there, I cou'd ſcarcely believe it right; pray let me ſee it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right---but, but, but, but, but it was given me by my mother; an old family ring, Madam, an old-faſhion'd family-ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir-----If you can entertain yourſelf for a moment, I'll wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*

Mir. Certainly the ſtars have been in a ſtrange intriguing humour when I was born-----Ay, this night ſhould I have had a bride in my arms, and that I ſhou'd like well enough: But what ſhou'd I have to-morrow night? The ſame. And what next night? The ſame. And what next night? The very ſame. Soup for breakfaſt, ſoup for dinner, ſoup for ſupper, and ſoup for breakfaſt again---But here's variety.

[Lamorce *appears at the door; as he runs towards her, four Bravoes ſtep in before her. He ſtarts back.*

She comes, ſhe comes----Hum, hum----Bitch---Murder'd, murder'd to be ſure! The curſed ſtrumpet, to make me ſend away my ſervants!-----Nobody near me! Theſe cut-throats always make ſure work. What ſhall I do? I have but one way. [*Aſide.*] Are theſe gentlemen your relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your moſt humble ſervant; Sir, your moſt faithful; yours, Sir, with all my heart; your moſt obedient-----Come, gentlemen,

[*Salutes all round.*] pleaſe to ſit---no ceremony---next the lady, pray, Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how d'ye like my friends?

[*They all ſit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the moſt finiſh'd gentlemen! I was never more happy in good company in all my life; I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have travell'd.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, may I preſume?

1 *Bra.* In a weſtern barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! very pretty; facetious, pretty gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, you have got the prettieſt ring upon your finger there———

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your ſervice, with all my heart. [*Offering the ring.*

Lam. By no means, Sir; a family ring!

[*Takes it.*

Mir. No matter, Madam.——Seven hundred pounds, by this light. [*Aſide.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, Sir, what's o'clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I ſaw the ſtring of it juſt now----

Mir. Ods my life, Sir, I beg your pardon, here it is---but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O, dear Sir, an Engliſh watch! Tompion's, I preſume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam?---No ceremony----'tis at your ſervice, with all my heart and ſoul----Tompion's! Hang ye. [*Aſide.*

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all things, I admire the faſhion and make of your ſword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir. Sir, I won't ſell it.

1 *Bra.* Not ſell it, Sir!

Mir. No, gentlemen-----but I'll beſtow it with all my heart. [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O, Sir, we ſhall rob you.

Mir. That you do, I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*] I have another at home, pray, Sir-------Gentlemen, you're too modeſt; have I any thing elſe that you fancy? [*To the* 1*ſt* Bravo.] I am extremely in love with that wig which you wear; will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look'e, Sir, this is a family-wig, and I wou'd not part with it; but if you like it----

Mir. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

[*They change wigs.*

1 *Bra.* Madam, your moſt humble ſlave.

[*Goes up foppiſhly to the Lady; ſalutes her.*

2 *Bra.* The fellow's very liberal; ſhall we murder him?

1 *Bra.* What! let him 'ſcape to hang us all! And I to loſe my wig! No, no! I want but a handſome pretence to quarrel with him; for you know we muſt act like gentlemen---Wine, here! ---Sir, your good health. [*Pulls* Mir. *by the noſe.*

Mir. Oh! Sir, your moſt humble ſervant; a pleaſant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the noſe: Ha, ha, ha! the pleaſanteſt, pretty-humour'd gentleman. [Mir. *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir: But I tell ye what; I find we're all inclin'd to be frolickſome; and, i'gad, for my own part, I was never more diſpoſed to be merry; let's make a night on't, ha! —This wine is pretty; but I have ſuch Burgundy at home———Look'e, gentlemen, let me ſend for half a dozen flaſks of my Burgundy, I defy France to match it;———'twill make us all life, all air: Pray, gentlemen———

2 *Bra.* Eh! Shall us have his Burgundy?

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can. Here, call up the gentleman's ſervant———What think you, Lamorce?

Lam. Yes, yes.———Your ſervant is a fooliſh country boy, Sir; he underſtands nothing but innocence.

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam.——Here, page, [*Enter* Oriana.] take this key, and go to my butler; order him to ſend half a dozen flaſks of the red Burgundy, mark'd a thouſand; and be ſure you make haſte. I long to entertain my friends here; my very good friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, child, take a glaſs of wine——— Your maſter and I have chang'd wigs, honey, in a frolick. Where had you this pretty boy, honeſt Muſtapha?

Ori. Muſtapha!

Mir. Out of Picardy——this is the firſt errand he has made for me; and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red Burgundy, Sir.

Mir. The red, mark'd a thouſand; and be ſure you make haſte.

Ori. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleaſ'd to like my wig;

have you any fancy for my coat?——Look'e, Sir, it has ſerv'd a great many honeſt gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not ſo faithfully; for I'm afraid it has got a ſcurvy trick of leaving all it's maſters in neceſſity.———The inſolence of theſe dogs is beyond their cruelty. [*Aſide.*

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I ſhou'd have no ſervant here but this little boy———he'll make ſome confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't; I wou'd not be diſappointed of my wine for the univerſe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir. But ſupper's ready; will you be pleaſed to eat a bit, Sir?

Mir. O, Madam, I never had a better ſtomach in my life.

Lam. Come, then—we have nothing but a plate of ſoup.

Mir. Ah! the marriage-ſoup I cou'd diſpenſe with now. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit, handing the lady.*

2 *Bra.* That wig won't fall to your ſhare.

1 *Bra.* No, no, we'll ſettle that after ſupper; in the mean time the gentleman ſhall wear it.

2 *Bra.* Shall we diſpatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be ſure. I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I wonder at the impudence of the Engliſh rogues, that will hazard the meeting a man at the bar whom they have encounter'd upon the road! I ha'nt the confidence to look a man in the face after I have done him an injury; therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My friend has forſaken me, I have abandon'd my miſtreſs, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money burns in my pocket——But now I think on't, my myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly ſtroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honeſt lieutenant over a flaſk of wine, a rake-helly ſtory, and a pipe of tobacco. [*Going off* Biſ. *meets him.*

Biſ. Who comes there? ſtand!

Dur. Hey day, now ſhe's turn'd dragoon.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again.—I deſign to wait on you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Biſ. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child; where you're never out of the way, 'cauſe there's no ſuch thing as a high-road.

Biſ. Rather always in a high-road, 'cauſe you travel all upon hills;----but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to ſail to the Eaſt-Indies.

Biſ. Eaſt or Weſt, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for ſailing.

Dur. But ſuppoſe we take through Germany, and drink hard.

Biſ. Suppoſe I take through Germany, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppoſe I go to a bawdy-houſe.

Biſ. Suppoſe I ſhew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman, will you go to the guard with me, and ſmoak a pipe?

Biſ. *Allons donc!*

Dur. The devil's in the woman!——ſuppoſe I hang myſelf.

Biſ. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the gallows is welcome.

Biſ. Hold, hold, Sir, [*Catches him by the arm going.*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam---or I ſhall think that you're a man, and perhaps may examine you.

Biſ. Stir if you dare; I have ſtill ſpirits to attend me; and can raiſe ſuch a muſter of fairies as ſhall puniſh you to death———Come, Sir, ſtand there now, and ogle me: [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languiſhing ſigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take my fan———faſter. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handſomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Biſ. Hold, hold, dear humourous coxcomb; Captain, ſpare my fan, and I'll———Why you rude, inhuman monſter, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's twelve pence; for that is the price on't.

Biſ. Sir, it coſt a guinea.

Dur. Well, Madam, you ſhall have the ſticks again. [*Throws them to her, and* Exit.

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous below my concern. I muſt follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lamorce's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel *ſolus.*

Mir. Bloody hell-hounds, I over-heard you——

Was not I two hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair coming proſpect of a long ſcene of years! Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune; and to be torn away from all my promiſed joys is more than death; the manner too, by villains.——O my Oriana, this very moment might have bleſs'd me in thy arms, and my poor boy! the innocent boy!——Confuſion!——But huſh, they come: I muſt diſſemble ſtill.——No news of my wine, gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoes.

1 *Bra.* No, Sir, I believe your country-booby has loſt himſelf, and we can wait no longer for't:——True, Sir, you're a pleaſant gentleman, but I ſuppoſe you underſtand our buſineſs.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to gueſs at your employments; you, Sir, are a lawyer, I preſume; you a phyſician; you a ſcrivener; and you a ſtock-jobber.——All cut-throats, i'gad. [*Aſide.*

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was caſhier'd at the head of the army for a coward: ſo I took up the trade of murder, to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a ſoldier too, and wou'd ſerve my king, but I don't like the quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad cauſe.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no eſtate; but I muſt have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1 *Bra.* I am a ruffian too, by the prejudice of education; I was bred a butcher. In ſhort, Sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer.——Come, Sir, which ſword will you fall by? mine, Sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

Mir. I ſcorn to beg my life; but to be butcher'd thus! [*Knocking.*] O there's the wine:——this moment for my life or death.

Enter Oriana.

——Where's the wine, child? [*Faintly.*

Ori. Coming up, Sir. [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete *with his ſword drawn, and ſix of the grand muſqueteers with their pieces preſented; the ruffians drop their ſwords.* [Oriana *goes off.*

Mir. The wine, the wine, the wine. Youth, pleaſure, fortune, days and years, are now my own

again.——Ah, my dear friends, did not I tell you this wine wou'd make me merry?----Dear captain, theſe gentlemen are the beſt natur'd, facetious, witty creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam, the wine is come——ſee there? [*Pointing to the ſoldiers.*] Your ladyſhip has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your ſervice.

Mir. O ho! is it ſo? Thou dear ſeven hundred pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my heart——Ads my life, Madam, you have got the fineſt built watch there! Tompion's, I preſume.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much---Rob you of all!---[*Taking it from her.*] Good dear time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retriev'd thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaiſance to the lady.----How now----Is it civil to be ſo out of humour at my entertainment, and I ſo pleaſed with yours? Captain, you're ſurpriſed at all this! but we're in our frolicks, you muſt know.——Some wine here.

Enter Servant with wine.

Come, captain, this worthy gentleman's health.

[*Tweaks the firſt* Bravo *by the noſe; he roars.*

But now, where——where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy!

1 *Bra.* I hope ſome of our crew below ſtairs have diſpatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what ſay'ſt thou? Diſpatch'd! I'll have ye all tortur'd, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my boy.——Here, page! page! page! [*Runs out.*

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be ſure you ſecure thoſe fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir, we know you and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam;—He, he, he!—I'm ſo pleaſed to think that I ſhall be reveng'd of one woman before I die——Well, miſtreſs Snap-Dragon, which of theſe honourable gentlemen is ſo happy to call you wife?

1 *Bra.* Sir, ſhe ſhould have been mine to-night, 'cauſe Sampre, here, had her laſt night. Sir, ſhe's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to juſtice.

[*The guards carry off the* Brayoes.

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, *and* Biſarre.

Old Mir. Robin, Robin! Where's Bob? where's my boy?—What, is this the lady? a pretty whore, faith.—Hark'e, child, becauſe my ſon was ſo civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a cart; indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, Madam,—and you ſhall have a ſwingeing equipage; three or four thouſand footmen at your heels, at leaſt.

Dur. No leſs becomes her quality.

Biſ. Faugh! the monſter!

Dur. Monſter! ay, you're all a little monſtrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear Bob, art thou ſafe, man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I'm ruin'd, the ſaver of my life is loſt.

Old Mir. No, he came and brought us the news?

Mir. But where is he?—[*Enter* Oriana.] Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear preſerver, what ſhall I do to recompence your truſt?——Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth that has reliev'd me from the moſt ignominious death.—Command me, child. Before you all, before my late ſo kind indulgent ſtars, I ſwear to grant whate'er you aſk.

Ori. To the ſame ſtars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the juſtice of my claim; I ſhall demand but what was mine before-----the juſt performance of your contract to Oriana.

[*Diſcovering herſelf.*

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this diſguiſe I reſolv'd to follow you abroad; counterfeited that letter that got me into your ſervice; and ſo, by this ſtrange turn of fate, I became the inſtrument of your preſervation.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I ſcorn the thought of impoſition. Here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair preſerver's pardon; my thanks are needleſs, for myſelf I owe. And now for ever do proteſt me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all di dall. [*Sings.*] Kiſs me, daughter----no, you ſhall kiſs me firſt, [*To* Lamorce.] for you're the cauſe on't. Well, Biſarre, what ſay you to the captain?

Biſ. I like the beaſt well enough; but I don't underſtand his paces ſo well as to venture him in a ſtrange road.

Old Mir. But marriage is ſo beaten a path that you can't go wrong.

Biſ. Ay, 'tis ſo beaten that the way is ſpoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing ſhou'd make me thy huſband----I cou'd marry thee to-day, for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Biſ. And then———

Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this.———Mr. Dugard, are not you pleaſed with this?

Dug. So pleaſed, that if I thought it might ſecure your ſon's affection to my ſiſter, I wou'd double her fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has ſhe not given me mine? my life, eſtate, my all; and, what is more, her virtuous ſelf——Virtue, in this ſo advantageous light, has her own ſparkling charms, more tempting far than glittering gold or glory. Behold the foil [*Pointing to* Lamorce.] that ſets this brightneſs off! [*To* Oriana.] Here view the pride [*To* Oriana.] and ſcandal of the ſex. [*To* Lamorce.] There [*To* Lamorce.] the falſe meteor, whoſe deluding light leads mankind to deſtruction. Here [*To* Oriana.] the bright ſhining ſtar, that guides to a ſecurity of happineſs. A garden and a ſingle ſhe [*To* Oriana.] was our firſt father's bliſs; the tempter, [*To* Lamorce.] and to wander, was his curſe.

What liberty can be ſo tempting there,
[*To* Lamorce.
As a ſoft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here?
[*To* Oriana.
[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Since, Cælia, 'tis not in your power
To tell how long our lives may laſt,
Begin to love this very hour;
You've loſt too much in what is paſt.

For ſince the power we all obey,
Has in your breaſt my heart confin'd,
Let me my body to it lay;
In vain you'd part what nature join'd.

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